

THE NEWS-HERALD.

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HILLSBORO, HIGHLAND CO., O., WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886.

VOL. 50—NO. 15

Professional Cards.

Cards inserted under this head as follows:
1 inch, per year.....\$10
1/2 inch, per year.....\$5
Ten lines of this type make 1 inch.

DENTISTS.
J. H. DOYLE & RUDINILL,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—In McKibben block, N. High street.

Physician and Surgeon.
N. ELSON B. LAFFERTY,
HILLSBORO, OHIO.
Office—Main street, over Dentist's store.
Residence, South street, first door west of
Clerk Lamon's.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
C. H. COLLINS & COLLINS,
HILLSBORO, OHIO.
Office—Between 1 and 2 South Block, cor-
ner Main and High streets. A Notary Public
in office.

DENTIST.
A. EVANS,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Hibben block, formerly Herald office.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
HART & GARNETT,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Corner of Main and High streets,
Merchants National Bank Building.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
GEO. B. GARDNER,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Over Felt's Clothing Store.

DENTIST.
J. R. CALLAHAN, D. D. S.,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Over Felt's Clothing Store, Main
street, first door to the right, up-stairs.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HARMAN,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—South-east corner Main and High
streets, room up-stairs.

DENTIST.
W. C. DUCKWALL, D. D. S.,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street.

Physicians and Surgeons.
RUM & VANDYKE,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—No. 10 West Main street, above
McClure's Tobacco Factory.

Attorney at Law and Notary Public.
O. L. J. BOM,
HILLSBORO, O.
Office—In Strawn Building, over Felt's
Clothing Store.

Attorney at Law.
D. S. J. SPENCE,
HILLSBORO, O.
Will now give his entire time to the practice
of his profession. He has had extensive ex-
perience, and will give special attention to the
treatment of Chronic Diseases. Office—In Mc-
Kibben's New Block, up stairs, High street.
Residence, No. 61 North High street, 3 doors
north of Clifton House, formerly occupied by
High Swearingen, Hillsboro, Ohio. July 1st.

Attorney and Counselor at Law.
L. A. T. BOATHMAN,
HILLSBORO, OHIO.
Office—Strawn building, Rooms Nos. 8 and 10.

Attorneys at Law.
M. A. PATEY & BOWLER,
HILLSBORO, OHIO.
Office—South Block, N. W. Cor. Main and
High Streets.

Physician and Surgeon.
W. S. PATTERSON, M. D.,
HILLSBORO, OHIO.
Office—Over Quinn Brothers' drug-store,
opposite Court-house.

Physician and Surgeon.
G. M. OVERMAN, J. J. PUGLEY,
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KNIGHT OF THE GRIP.

Very Large Stories of Drum-
mer Life.

Shoveling Specie into Collection
Plates to Surprise the
Natives.

Tit for Tit—The Tenor Administers
Cayenne Pepper in Return for
the Soprano's Shoe-
makers' Wax.

Insuring a Doctor Whose Father Died of
Consumption and His Mother and Thir-
teen Brothers of Insanity. One of
the Latter Killing His Partner,
a Book-keeper, Three Clerks
and Fourteen Customers.

Let me see, we were at Richmond at
the close of my "epistolary effusion."—
Yes, had just registered for Sunday and
after supper we arranged ourselves with
our high backed chairs, in the "drum-
mer's circle" for a three hours session to
relate the hair-breadth escapes, funny
experiences, luck and pluck, insults and
injuries, and other incidents of our Arab
lives. We soon knew each other, not
by their names as recorded in the old
family bible but as the "hardware man"
from Chicago, the "fancy goods man"
from Cincinnati, the "cigar man" from
Milwaukee and so on through the list.
The past week had been a propitious one
for us all and an expression of satisfac-
tion rested upon the faces of every mem-
ber of our motley assembly. Of course,
Richmond was discussed by those who
had never visited the "Quaker City" be-
fore and as I was one of that number my
weighty impression of the town was
in turn given. Richmond is a live town,
and has numerous manufacturing inter-
ests. It is a beautiful place and the so-
ciety is excellent. Earlham College, fa-
mous as a seat of learning throughout
the country, is situated here and does
much to elevate the intellectual stand-
ing of the city. Wayne county, of
which Richmond is the county seat, is
said to be the wealthiest in Indiana, ex-
cept Marion, in which is situated the
capital of the State. However, as Rich-
mond is only three miles from the Ohio
line no doubt many of the readers are
familiar with the place and a descrip-
tion here would be uninteresting. We
returned to the hotel; for myself and
the "cigar man" had left the crowd to
see the city, and the "hardware man"
was telling the boys about a little in-
cident that came under his notice a few
days ago. "We were about ready to
pull out from a town in the northern
part of the State" said he, "when a re-
spectable looking old gentleman came
down to the train with a young lady,
whom I afterward learned from the con-
versation that took place between them,
to be his daughter. Securing her seat,
he went out of the car and then return-
ed to her window to say a parting word,
as is frequently done on such occasions.
While he was going out she left her seat
to speak with a friend and at the same
time a prim old maid came in and took
her place. Unaware of the important
change that had taken place inside, the
old gent hurriedly put his face up to the
window and said, 'One more kiss, sweet
pet.' In another instant the point of a
cotton umbrella was thrust from the
window, followed by the passionate in-
terjection, 'Scat, you gray-headed
wretch!' He scattered. I tell you, boys,
it was fun for the passengers, and the
ancient maiden was very much interest-
ed in something out of the window all
the time she remained with us."

An "insurance man" from Boston,
leaned back in his chair, knocked the
ashes from his cigar and put on a kind
of thoughtful, don't-know-whether-to-
tell-or-not expression and we knew he
was debating whether it was his turn or
not. We knew that he, like a man in a
Methodist class-meeting, only wanted a
start. So we gave him the floor and
waited in silence for him to make the
break. At length he said, "boys I had
an experience the other day that I after-
wards learned was an immense joke on
me. I dropped into the office of a
young physician up here in M— and in-
troduced myself and told him my object
in calling."

"You will excuse me, sir, to-day, as I
am extremely busy and don't want any
life insurance," said the doctor.

"All right, young man, I'll drop in
again," and I bid him good afternoon.

"The next day I found him at his leis-
ure and, sitting down on his desk, I be-
gan: 'Nothing in the world, my young
friend, will pay so big a per cent. on so
little money invested as a policy in my
Life Insurance Company, the most reli-
able and only solid company on earth,
capital over seven millions, and so
prompt—why, I insured a man last week
for \$10,000, and the same day he was
run over by a street car, so when I sent
in the policy and premium, I just said,
by way of a P. S.—'Run over by a horse
car not an hour after insured; better
send on check; both legs cut off.' The
very next day I got a check, payable to
his heirs, for \$10,500. Dividend, my
friend, was more than the premium, and
don't you call this prompt? That man's
widow got this check before he had been
dead fifteen minutes."

"But I have no wife and don't want
any life insurance, I tell you."

"The investment, my young friend,
the investment. Look at the dividend.
This may get \$500 in one hour, you

might say; and then you might have a
wife some day. Some young physicians
do get married. Now you do want a
policy in this company. I know you do.
I'm a man who has had large and varied
experience in this direction and I know
you are just aching for one of these
policies; only you are so extremely mod-
est. Now, I'll just make out your appli-
cation; it only costs you—let me see,
How old are you?"

"Twenty-six but—"
"Twenty-six—ahem."
"Father living?"
"No."

"How old was he when he died?"
"Just twenty-seven years old."

"Twenty-seven, hey? What did he
die of? Accident, I presume?"
"No, sir, consumption."

"Consumption? You don't look con-
sumptive."

"But I am consumptive, and—"
"Mother's living, I doubt not?"
"No, sir, she died at twenty-eight?"
"What was the cause of her death?"

"Insanity, sir, hereditary insanity;
family's full of it. All my brothers,
thirteen in number, died between
twenty-four and twenty-eight, of the
same disease. Dangerous, too, some of
them; my oldest brother was taken about
this time of day; he killed his
partner, book-keeper, three clerks and
fourteen customers, before they could
seize him, and—"

"You don't tell me! This is wonder-
ful. You look like a strong healthy
man, likely to live fifty years. Were
you long sick?"

"Oh, yes; I've had inflammatory
rheumatism, pneumonia, dysentery,
small pox, mumps, liver complaint, fits,
corns, and—"

"Good heavens! It is not necessary to
go further with the application. My
company is a good one and willing to
take an ordinary business risk, but I
must say I never knew them to insure a
corpse. I'd like to insure, doctor, and I
feel interested in your family; but our
surgeon wouldn't pass such an applica-
tion. Good day, sir." That was sub-
stantially the conversation that took
place between us. I went away think-
ing how very deceiving one's appear-
ance was as an index to their health. I
made another call and in a casual way
I made the remark that this young doctor
was very unfortunate in inheriting so
many untoward ills.

"His, your granny," said the man I
addressed, "talk about ills in him. Why,
he was never sick in his life. Father is
living, hearty and hale at the age of
eighty-six and mother younger, but as
rosy as a girl of sixteen. His grand-
father lived to be ninety-eight and not
one in the family ever died with any-
thing else but old age. Don't talk about
that doctor inheriting ills."

"I was dumfounded, I saw how he got
rid of me, and didn't wish to inquire
further about him."

Well, we all thought it was a good one
and began discussing the propriety of
giving the "sweet restorer" a chance at
"fired nature."

Some dropped off and others sat there
a little longer, smoking and, perchance,
thinking of some loved one at home.

I was soon in the arms of Morpheus
and he only relaxed his grasp when the
bell announced breakfast.

We were all there and after breakfast
what were we to do? We glanced over
the morning papers about half an hour
and some one proposed that we go en
masse to church. We were all broad in
our religious views so the "church of our
choice" did not hinder us from going to-
gether. The question was, what church
had the best choir and biggest congrega-
tion? This would enable us to decide
where to go. Did you know, kind read-
er, that this is the all important question
with a great many so-called christians?

The popular church, the tony church,
the church having the most elegant edifice
and softest seats and the least relig-
ious is the one most sought to-day. That
people can be able to go to the same
church, throw aside this narrowness of
views and bigotry is only a proof of
real christianity, and should be so.

When one church says I'm right and
you are wrong and the other says I'm
right and you are wrong. We are forced
to admit that this state of affairs does
not tend to impress the reasonable mind
that real Christianity has been discovered.

It should be universal, and in the
true faith there is but one church, one
sect and one creed.

We went to church and on the way
the "Cincinnati man" said last winter
he and about twenty-five other com-
mercial men were snow bound in a very
small place in the West and were com-
pelled to remain over Sunday. They all
went to a country church and went in
as sober as judges and when seated they
formed the greater part of the congrega-
tion. The services were short and at
the close a collection was taken. One of
the boys gave the others the wink when
the plate was passed and when it reach-
ed the first one he shelled out a new sil-
ver dollar. The collection so far, con-
sidered mainly of pennies and nickels.

The dollar nearly knocked the plate out
of the deacon's hand and his face was
entirely covered with the smile that
dawned when the dollar dropped. The
next man clipped in another dollar and
so on till about half of the boys had
been served when the plate was full and
had to be emptied. The audience and
minister seemed ready to shout for
joy when the deacon carried his precious

[Continued on eighth page.]

TRAMP PRINTER

Down the Beautiful Mo-
hawk Valley,

And at New York's Capital City.

Cyclone Stories (Untrue)—The Tale of the
Mohawk—Little Falls—The Schuyler
Mansion—Van Rensselaer Man-
or House—Some Old Build-
ings—Rural Cemetery.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 3d, 1886.

MR. EDITOR:—First let me declare
myself. Don't let so many typographi-
cal errors get into my letters, or there'll
be a vacancy in your office for a proof-
reader. I wrote that "Sam Patch was
no fictitious person." You let it go in
"Sam Patch was no particular person."

How foolish! If you must make
changes from copy, or if there are words
in my MSS your intelligent compositor
can't make out, then some of you put
your heads together, and instead of in-
serting some nonsensical word that
looks like it, study up a word that will
make sense, whether it resembles my
hieroglyphics or not. D'y'e hear?

I've had a pretty nice time since
writing last. I missed last week be-
cause I was too lazy to write. I am
lazy—there's no doubting it, but then I
can't help it—I'm built that way.

We went from Auburn to Utica, a
thriving, growing city of 70,000 souls,
about seventy miles west of Albany.

Utica is the home of
EX-SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING,
a retired statesman, once prominent.

At Utica I had the pleasure of enjoying
a first-class imitation of a cyclone. The
natives say that they don't have cy-
clones here, and that it was only a little
windstorm; but whatever it was I have
had a gentle sufficiency, and don't
want any more. What ever other bad
faux are mine I am no hog, and know
when I have enough. Knowing that
they will be expected I have prepared
a number of cyclone lies, warranted
first-class, which I give below.

LIE NO. I.
At the moment the storm struck the
city, a young lady was crossing the
street near my hotel. The cyclone took
her hat over into Massachusetts, and
tore off her real back hair, but never
touched her false bangs. She had a
narrow escape but is alive and well.

LIE NO. II.
A team of horses hitched near by
were taken up by the wind and blown
out of sight, no one knowing where
they came down. They were found
two days afterward in—let me see—yes,
Florida, I think it was. The strange
part of this was that the wind never
touched the harness, which was left
hanging to the post just as before the
storm.

LIE NO. III.
Just around the corner was a photog-
rapher's establishment, in front of
which was a case of samples, containing
the pictures of seven babies, three
ladies, two Knights Templar in uniform,
six dudes with upright hair, and three
amateur Ko-Kos, one Poo-Bah, two
Yum-Yums, and four Pitti Singis, in
costume. The cyclone blew out the
Mikado amateurs as slick as a whistle,
but the others remained untouched.

Another photographer's sample-case
containing four different tris of young
ladies grouped as three little maids
from school, miraculously escaped un-
hurt.

LIE NO. IV.
There was a circus performing in the
suburbs at the time of the storm, and it
was picked up entire and carried over
into New Jersey. So artistically did the
wind perform this feat that the audi-
ence was unaware of it until after the
show. When they left the pavilion
they were surprised to find themselves
in a strange city, and many of them re-
fused to believe it until after they had
walked home.

These are little ones. If any returned
Kansas or Nebraska over attempts to
tell you any of the cyclone stories they
have told me, please refer them to this.
I have no desire to deceive the reader.
Those are lies, and I ain't afraid to own
up to it. I can furnish others, equally
good and perhaps better, on short
notice.

(For fear you may believe these, I
again incidentally remark that they are
lies. I am only joking. Those things
didn't really happen.)

From Utica to Albany we came over
the elegant N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., with
its elegant tracks, down the pretty

MOHAWK VALLEY.
The Mohawk River is rapid, shallow
stream, un navigable for anything bigger
than a yawl, but the vale through
which it flows on its way to the Hudson,
is very picturesque, rarely over half a

mile in width and mostly not more than
half so wide as that. From the border
of the valley the land rises in some
places in a gradual incline, and in others
comes right close to the stream in rocky
headlands. Occasionally there are
rapids with pretty ripples, and at the
village of Little Falls it makes quite a
little jump over a falls. Splendid farms
are found all along. The "white man's
road" winds like a serpent" over the
hills, "but where are the squaw and
papoose" of the lone Indian? Echo
answers where, but if the question were
addressed to me I would say, that, if
still on terra firma, she is probably
playing Cannibal princess in the dime
museums. There are lots of pretty
towns along the valley, among them Ft.
Plain, Fonda, Amsterdam, and others.
I took in the whole panorama from the
top of a freight car, and can tell you
anything else about it you may want to
know.

Albany is full of buildings of historic
interest, and her churches and public
buildings are indeed elegant. Among
the interesting old buildings is the
OLD SCHUYLER MANSION.

Which is situated at the head of the
present Schuyler street, fronting on
Clinton, in the southern part of the city.
It is an oblong yellow brick house, situ-
ated on a natural terrace surrounded by
forest trees. In the rear of the premises
grows an old time orchard, that will
probably soon be destroyed by the en-
croachments of commerce. In 1781 a
bold attempt was made to abduct Gen-
eral Schuyler while he was residing in
his mansion. In this house were enter-
tained Washington, Franklin, Chase,
and Carroll, Gates, Lafayette, Steuben
and De Rochambeau, and Burgoyne and
Riedesel as guests, though prisoners of
war. Two notable marriages took place
in this house—Alexander Hamilton and
Elizabeth, the second daughter of Gen-
eral Schuyler, in 1780; and ex-President
Fillmore and the widow McIntosh, in
1858. The mansion was erected in 1762,
when it was considered almost a palace
by the settlers. The mark of an Indian
hatchet made upon the stair-case at the
time of the attempted abduction of its
first owner is still to be seen.

THE VAN RENSSLAER MANOR HOUSE,
A fine specimen of architecture of the
colonial period, and for over a century
the residence of the "patrons" of the
city, still stands on Broadway, near
Tivoli street.

As the visitor passes down Pearl street
and crosses wide State street, his atten-
tion will most likely be attracted by an
old red brick building of unmistakably
Dutch architecture, standing on the
southeast corner of the crossing. Two
gable windows peer from a steep roof,
that crowns the two stories beneath,
and the whole edifice looks as though it
had just been dropped out of one of
Washington Irving's novels. This is
the old "Staats House," the oldest
building in the city, it having been
erected in 1667, two hundred and nine-
teen years ago. A new stand and fruit-
vender are now quartered on the lower
floor, and a large sky-light in the rear
roof seems to indicate the presence of a
photograph gallery up stairs.

The First Reformed Church at the
corner of Pearl and Orange streets was
erected in 1798, and contains the old
pulpit brought from Holland 230 years
ago. St. Peter's (Episcopal) Church, at
the corner of State and Lodge streets,
contains a communion service the gift
of Queen Anne. Under its altar rest
the bones of

LORD ROWE,
Who fell in the campaign of 1758, and
the bell that chimes from its ancient
tower antedates the Revolution.

I visited the Rural Cemetery, four
miles north of the city, but lack of space
forgets any lengthy description. Gen.
Schuyler, Gen. Gansevoort, Gov. Marcy,
Thurlow Weed, and many other distin-
guished persons are buried there.

Next week I will write of the elegant
new capitol building, and a visit to its
relic-room.

Tramp Printer
P. S. Don't you believe those cyclone
tales. They are lies.

Why Is It
That the sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla continues
at such a rapidly increasing rate? It is—
1st. Because of the positive curative value
of Hood's Sarsaparilla itself.

2d. Because of the conclusive evidence of
remarkable cures effected by it, unsurpassed
and seldom equaled by any other medicine.
Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for
book containing many statements of cures.

It is announced that no quarters is to
be given the Apaches. That is unneces-
sary, as the soldiers do not appear to get
near enough to them to give them a dime.

The Hot Weather
Of mid-summer has a weakening effect, both
upon body and mind. You feel absolutely in-
capable of doing any arduous work, and even
light duties are performed languidly and un-
willingly. This low state of the system causes
even greater infirmity, and gives opportunity
for serious disease to gain a foot-hold. In
this condition the system is quick to respond
to the reviving, quickening, and strengthen-
ing effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which puri-
fies the blood, regulates the digestive organs,
and infuses fresh life and vigor into every
portion of the body. People who have taken
it write us, saying: "It puts new life right
into me." "It makes me young again."

Reader, if you suffer from summer weakness,
try Hood's Sarsaparilla. 100 Doses \$1.

"Yes, sir," said the sailor, "I have
seen a whale that could swallow a boat."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the land-
man, "I have seen a small man who
could swallow a schooner."

TAX-PAYER

Talks of Too Heavy Taxes and
the Management of the
Infirmary.

HILLSBORO, O., June 30th, 1886.
EDITOR NEWS-HERALD:—Please allow
me space in your valuable sheet to state
a few facts on a subject which greatly
concerns and has been for some time
vigorously discussed by our over-bur-
dened tax-payers.

We have vainly looked forward in the
hope that the apparently reckless appro-
priations made and enormous bills al-
lowed by our Commissioners and In-
firmity Directors in supporting our
"poor house," would be stopped by
some of the ever incoming officials, who
can not possibly be ignorant of the com-
plaints constantly coming from the peo-
ple all over this county. First, consider
the running expenses of this institution,
from \$15,000 to \$20,000 per annum
(some state it was \$23,000 last year).
Think of it! We will venture to say
that Mr. Hawk or Mr. Kramer will clothe
and board the inmates in their com-
modious hotels for much less than that
amount. Then, improvements are con-
stantly being added, and if we are to
judge the future by the past, in a few
years more "our poor house" will com-
pare favorably with the insane Asylums
of our State. Only a few years ago an
addition, costing \$10,000 was erected,
now a "crazy-house" is under construc-
tion, which will cost our tolling tax-
payers a "paltry few" thousand more,
while a few hundred judiciously ex-
pended on the old one, would have ren-
dered it quite comfortable and amply
large for these unfortunates. Next, we
are reliably informed the front or main
building of our "poor house" is to be
enhanced by two double bow-windows